

Yours in the Morning by **Luddleston**

Series: [Chaotic Time Travel \[2\]](#)

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, Established Relationship, Facials, M/M, Mirror Sex, Oral Sex, Rimming, Threesome - M/M/M, what's the point of having an enormous mirror if not mirror sex?, zag's ongoing fascination with pat's beard

Language: English

Characters: Achilles (Hades Video Game), Patroclus (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Achilles/Patroclus/Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-02-14

Updated: 2021-02-14

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:55:22

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 6,780

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Zagreus explains the events that led to Chaos transporting him into the past in order to seduce Achilles and Patroclus.

That occasion, the three of them decide, is not going to be a one-time thing.

Sequel to [One Night of Chaos](#)

Yours in the Morning

Author's Note:

A huge thank you to the incredible reception I received for the first fic!! I wasn't originally going to write a second but then some enablers convinced me it would be very interesting AND IT WAS. Please enjoy this valentine's present that got quite out of hand.

All my love to my cousins of the PZA Oven who patiently listen to me talk about this nonsense in progress!

There were certain conversations that necessitated a drink. Such as, perhaps, telling one's mentor and close friend (who had just been reunited and therefore recommitted to a long-term romantic relationship) that one's primordial ancestor had done some meddling with the timeline, allowing the three of you to engage in...

Yes. A drink.

Despite this, Zagreus had not actually opened the bottle of nectar, nor were Achilles and Patroclus encouraging him to. Instead, he was rolling it between his palms, as if the bottle was something with which to focus his nervous energy as he spoke.

His explanation was not lengthy, mostly because his conversation with Chaos had been quite short and he had agreed without asking any of the questions a sensible person probably would have asked. Achilles and Patroclus watched him intently as he spoke, the three of them seated in the glen where Zagreus always found Patroclus in Elysium. They were as striking a pair as they'd been at the camp outside of Troy, and they sat comfortably together, with their arms around one another, Zagreus a short distance away and attempting not to make eye contact.

"So, um... I sort of went with it. And that's how... yeah," he finished lamely, passing the bottle between his hands once again.

"And we've only just now remembered," Achilles said.

"It seems that way, sir." When the two of them had not approached him about it immediately, Zagreus had figured they wouldn't ever remember. It made the most sense that way, what with the timeline and the Chaos magic and all, that this experience would exist mostly as a dream within Zagreus' mind, a memory that belonged only to him. Certainly, he was a bit awkward the next time he spoke to each of them, but they'd brushed it off as Zagreus' usual strangeness.

But when they had been reunited, apparently, it had all come back.

"Well, that seems somewhat unfair," Patroclus said, leaning a bit more heavily against Achilles' side and reaching up to toy with his hair. Zagreus' eye caught on the way the gold slipped between Patroclus' fingers. "That you would remember and we would not for some time."

"I guess?"

"I'm simply saying, you've been able to enjoy these memories since it occurred, what, some weeks ago?" He said 'enjoy these memories' as if he knew exactly *how* Zagreus had been enjoying them.

Achilles patted Patroclus' cheek, and then noted, "he's probably been worrying about it ever since, too. Am I right, lad?"

Of course he was right, Achilles always could read him quite well. He set down the bottle, then realized he had no idea where to put his hands, and so he picked it back up again. "You're correct. I... I wasn't sure how you would react. Especially since..." He looked at Achilles and let him fill in the rest of that note.

Achilles could have kept quiet, could have pretended Zagreus was alluding to something else, but instead, he told Patroclus, "I turned him down, once." When he looked back at Zagreus, he added, "I often wish I hadn't."

Zagreus swallowed, to try to push his heart out of his throat and back down into his chest where it belonged.

"I'm sure you're wishing that more so than usual, now that you know how well he can take your cock," Patroclus remarked, sounding far too casual for what he said.

Achilles was silent and completely still for a moment, as if Patroclus' lackadaisical insinuation had frozen him in place.

Then, he shoved Patroclus right over.

Patroclus just laughed and popped back up. Zagreus couldn't help but smile at the playfulness in their interactions. It was an attitude he thought he'd never see from Achilles, who'd always been somber and quiet, but it looked good on him. And now, it reminded Zagreus of how Achilles had been before.

"Zagreus," Achilles said, suddenly back to serious, "if that truly was a one-time thing for you, if you perhaps thought Chaos wouldn't allow us to remember or that nothing would change... nothing has to change. All right?"

It was an out, an easy opportunity for Zag to say *thank you, I've satisfied my interest*.

The thing was... he hadn't.

Patroclus' sly ideas about how Zagreus might have been remembering their tryst were all too correct. Just before he'd begun this run, in fact, he'd been curled up on his bed, hand shoved down his leggings, furiously racing through memories of the heavy weight of gold on his neck and the heavier weight of their eyes on him.

Their eyes were on him now, waiting for an answer.

"I liked it. I want—" and here, he shifted in place with the force of the admission moving through him, "—I want you to make me yours again."

Achilles smiled, but it was a weak thing. "Despite the fact that... I perhaps did not treat you with the care you deserve?" He was gentle as could be

now, reaching out to brush his knuckles over the curve of Zagreus' cheek.

"You were quite careful, considering how you were back then," Patroclus remarked.

Achilles' smile dropped as he sighed, his hand settling on Zagreus' shoulder. "Nowadays, I don't always like the man I was back then. If you are going to be with us," and he said this as if it was going to be a repeating thing, "I vow to treat you as I ought to."

"You called me a treasure, then," Zagreus said. He remembered this distinctly, because the words echoed in his mind quite often, and whenever he thought of them, he became warm all over.

"Oh, my dear." Achilles tugged Zagreus forward, into an embrace that started off clumsily, but settled into comfort as Zagreus determined where to place all his limbs. "You are so much more than. You are a piece of my heart, as my Patroclus is."

Zagreus pressed his face into the fall of Achilles' cloak over his shoulder, hoping that it hid how deeply he flushed as every corner of his soul was deeply pleased with Achilles' confession. Achilles' arms circled his shoulders, his right placed a bit lower to avoid being prodded at by Zagreus' pauldron, and he stroked at Zagreus' back wherever his hands lay, his blunt fingernails tracing back and forth in little, gentle strokes. Zagreus looped his own arms around Achilles waist, remembered his legs squeezed about this same space as Achilles filled him, and swallowed a strangled little noise in the back of his throat.

The sweetness was heady, as was the knowledge that they wanted him as more than a prize. Even so, a part of him (a part located between his legs, probably) wanted them to treat him as a prize still.

"You know I feel the same, I hope," Patroclus said, his hand on Zagreus' knee. When Zagreus turned his head, he found Patroclus looking at him as if he'd be holding him just as gently if Achilles hadn't taken over. "Of course you must. How could I not? You enchanting creature." He plucked

one of Zagreus' hands free from Achilles' waist, kissed his knuckles, then his wrist.

"Not there," Zagreus said, switching his grip so that he could tug Patroclus closer, to meet his lips.

It was so familiar, Zagreus couldn't help the happy sigh or the way he tipped his head, opened his mouth, let Patroclus deepen the kiss just as he had in another time. His kiss was just as overwhelming, only this time, Zagreus *knew* how similar the pace Patroclus fucked at was to the sweep of his tongue.

As soon as Patroclus pulled away (sooner than Zagreus would have liked) Achilles was there, a little slower, a little softer, kissing Zagreus like he was savoring every touch.

"Take me again," Zagreus begged of them, "right here, right now."

"That... may not be the best idea," said Achilles, who was wrong, because being laid out in this tranquil field and fucked so hard the Styx thought about taking him was a wonderful idea.

Patroclus barked a sharp laugh, which Zagreus thought was going to precede him telling Achilles off again. "Right. I doubt you want to visit Theseus looking like you've just been fucked twice over, and I, for one, would rather not fool around with anything less. Not because I wouldn't want to get my hands—or mouth—on you, but because I couldn't bring myself to stop."

It would damn near be worth it, Zagreus thought.

But...

He, too, wanted more.

"There's something I'd like to do," he said, eventually, every last bit of him pleased when they both leaned in to hear his request.

This was going to be good.

— — —

Getting a shade authorization to enter the House of Hades outside of official proceedings was... difficult. Thankfully, Nyx knew the ins and outs of the administrative chamber even better than his father did, and so it was all too easy for Zagreus to slip his request form to the front of the queue.

"I could just say I'm lodging a complaint," Patroclus had suggested, and then, when pressed, "the complaint is that I'm not fucking the prince right now."

That was vetoed.

A short while after their request had been filed, Achilles caught Zagreus at his keepsake cabinet, trying to decide which god he'd like to entreat on his early-morning-slash-late-night run. "You might not want to do that," Achilles said, lifting a hand to greet Skelly, who was crowing his salutations.

"Why's that?"

"Pat says he's on his way down here." Achilles smiled, probably because Zagreus reacted by immediately shoving the cabinet door closed.

"Well, then. I'd best stay around the House, then. Wouldn't want to miss his first visit." Zagreus was thrilled, and knew he couldn't keep the excitement off his face.

"Would you like to meet him at the door with me?" Achilles asked.

Zagreus shook his head. "No. I'll be in my room, if you want to stop by there amid your tour of the place?"

"I'll be sure to do so," Achilles said, grasping Zagreus' hand and giving it a meaningful squeeze before heading out of the courtyard and back into the body of the House.

He must have noticed on his way in that Zagreus' room was particularly clean. Well. Actually, all of the detritus that normally ended up on his floor

had been shoved back into trunks or, in the case of overflow, under his bed. But it looked clean enough. He'd even straightened up the pillows.

This was in part to impress Patroclus (although he didn't think Patroclus would be impressed by much at all) and in part to recreate an atmosphere similar to their Chaos-blessed first time. And so, in accordance, Zagreus was entirely nude on the bed.

He'd thought about acquiring some jewelry similar to what he'd worn in Troy, but that would require asking somebody, and the fact that he was allowing authorizing a shade's entrance into the House was suspicious enough without the quest for finery. Besides, his laurel was bright as jewels anyhow. It was all he wore, each of his normal ornaments removed and placed to the side. He waited for them in a lazy sprawl across his bed, eyes focused on the fall of the curtains that would soon part to allow his lovers entry. How very like and unlike the door to a tent it was, at once.

Anticipation burgeoned within him as he awaited them—what were they doing now? Was Achilles showing Patroclus all the details of the House, the halls, the newly-reopened garden? Was Hypnos badgering him at the entrance? Was Thanatos at his balcony, stealing surreptitious glances at the two of them as they wandered? Was Patroclus happy to see Cerberus?

"I'd rather like to relive our time in Troy," Zagreus told them, back when they were plotting all this. *"There was much I enjoyed about the way you treated me, as a cherished gift, an honor bestowed on you. I'd like you to do it again."*

There was more that they had worked out, but if Zagreus thought back on that conversation, on Achilles promising to be kinder to him in the process, on Patroclus promising to ensure that Achilles wasn't *too* kind...

Well, if he thought on it too much he'd be even more aroused than he already found himself.

Achilles must have given Patroclus the entire damn grand tour, because by the time they finally arrived, Zagreus was beginning to worry that they'd

been stopped by his father, that Patroclus' reason for being at the House had been questioned and found wanting.

Thankfully, such worries were unfounded.

Patroclus' eyes widened as they entered, as though Achilles had not told him what this room was. From the look of mirth on Achilles' face, Zagreus had to believe that was true.

"Ah, I suppose we have reached the most important part of the house," Patroclus observed. Zagreus wanted to stand, as was normal for receiving guests, but he repressed that urge and allowed the two of them to approach him instead.

"Did you enjoy your tour?" Zagreus asked.

Patroclus sat beside him, taking his time to fully appreciate every inch of Zagreus' uncovered body. "I did. Achilles showed me the hall where he stands, it's quite like a gallery in there. Zagreus, tell me the truth, for my Achilles will not: is he meant to be one of the works of art on display?"

Achilles rolled his eyes as if Patroclus had made this joke once already. "I have told you, I am not."

"I don't know, Achilles, Patroclus may be correct," Zagreus said, just to irritate Achilles.

"It has the best vantage point of the hall—"

"Correct, you are positioned so that everyone may admire you."

"Patroclus."

"Yes, my dear."

"Perhaps let's drop this topic of conversation and attend to our prince, shall we?" Achilles unpinned Patroclus' cloak for him.

“All right. But I will bring this up again, at every possible opportunity. I must warn you.”

Achilles muttered something which sounded like an oath, tossing his own cloak at the two of them. It landed on Patroclus’ head.

Patroclus pushed it away and seized Achilles by his skirt, yanking him in for a kiss. Newly reunited, kissing each other was almost as novel for them as kissing Zagreus, and Zagreus enjoyed watching for a long moment. This time, their undressing was a little less perfunctory—hands on each other instead of just stripping off their own armor, touches lingering, mouths following as soon as skin was bared.

Zagreus was filled with equal parts longing to touch them and longing to watch them take one another apart. He tried to memorize their little tells: Achilles tipping his head back as Pat nipped at his collarbones, Patroclus’ sly grin as Achilles set a foot on his thigh so that Patroclus could unlace his sandal. Eventually, though, it became too much. Zagreus was unable to concentrate and too eager to touch, and when Achilles was fully undressed and gesturing for him to come closer, it became impossible to sit and watch.

Considering how shy Achilles had been on bringing up this topic in the first place, Zagreus was expecting him to be hesitant. Instead, Achilles pulled Zagreus flush against him, his hand snaking down Zagreus’ back to squeeze his ass.

Zagreus definitely did not yelp like Cerberus when somebody trod on his tail, no. Absolutely not.

Zagreus had been thinking about this encounter since they planned it, but only in this very moment did everything become real. The feel of Achilles’ skin against his, of both their hands on him, was both familiar and new, his memories of the past versions of them having turned hazy and unreal when he was returned to his present time. This, though. This was something he would carry with him, a feeling he would be able to recall in sharp relief, because it was *them*, the men he knew and cared so deeply for, not their living counterparts.

Although, they did feel quite alive now.

Patroclus grasped the back of Zagreus' neck, pulled him in to kiss him over Achilles' shoulder. It was just as surprisingly soft as Achilles' hold on him was surprisingly firm, although, thanks to Zagreus' efforts, it deepened considerably. Patroclus permitting Zagreus to lead him into something more heated, to take him as he wanted, was new. The sensation had the heat within Zagreus unfurling into something which, if left unchecked, could burn out of control.

Achilles' fingers dipped lower, circled his entrance, and Zagreus pulled away from Patroclus, panting and clutching at Achilles' shoulder.

"Let me—the oil is on the shelf behind the bed."

Achilles released him, and Zagreus shifted away the few inches required to palm the little bottle, recently used in tribute to them. "What do you want of us, lad?" The familiar endearment also served to enhance the realness of the occasion. This was *his* Achilles, not the Achilles of the war but the man who had known every stumble Zagreus had ever taken, and yet still wanted him.

"I thought it was obvious," Zagreus joked, "I want you to fuck me. However you'd most like, I'm not picky." Anything would be perfect, as long as Zagreus had them.

"What was it you said last time?" Patroclus asked. He'd reached around to draw lazy circles on Achilles' thigh, inching steadily closer to his cock, which was hardening from only that touch. "Would that this place had walls?"

Achilles looked at Zagreus, his eye reflecting the heat Zagreus felt within. Perhaps he was not only aroused by Pat's hands on him.

"This place does have walls," Zagreus said, trying it to betray how desperately he wanted this but feeling like he did so anyway. "Four of them." There was even some extra free space on them, as he'd carefully removed the wall scrolls, feeling a bit strange about them (particularly the

one of Achilles, which had been removed weeks ago for how often it provoked him to lust).

“Does the one taken up by the enormous mirror actually count?” Patroclus wondered.

“Absolutely, it does,” said Achilles, who, Zagreus realized, was about to fuck him against said mirror.

Oh gods, if Achilles and Patroclus of the past had been devastatingly sexy, then what was this? Zagreus was going to *die*.

The rearranging was not difficult, but it did take a moment. Zagreus found himself wedged between the cool glass of the mirror against his back and the heat of Achilles’ body against his front. He was quite overcome with sensation but determined to keep his eyes open while Achilles kissed his neck, so that he could observe Patroclus who had taken a seat on the couch. Patroclus appeared quite relaxed, his interest in the display before him only betrayed by his lingering gaze and his hand around his cock.

Gods, Zagreus really hoped Patroclus would take him next. He remembered how thick that cock was, how good it felt to be split open with Pat’s beard scruffing against his skin and his broad, callused hands on Zagreus’ hips.

“Turn around,” Achilles said.

Zagreus, so dazed by his own all-consuming thirst, did not register the command.

"Zagreus," Achilles said again, "face the mirror for me."

"Right. Yes," he said, shaking himself out of his lull. Before he turned, he caught a grin on Pat's face, as if he knew Zagreus had been distracted watching him. Good. Zagreus wanted him to know. He was perfectly all right with stroking Patroclus' ego. Among other things.

He was too close to see Patroclus' reflection in the mirror, close enough that he was nose-to-nose with his own reflection. He could see where his sweaty

palms and his racing breath condensed on the surface, and focused instead on Achilles, who urged him back a little, so he wasn't quite pressed against the glass. His elbows were still bent, but there was a good foot of space between Zagreus and the Mirror of Night.

Achilles met his reflection's eye. "Still all right with this?" he asked, his hand tracing down Zagreus' side to grasp his hip. Gods, his hands looked so big compared to the sharp taper of Zagreus' waist.

"Yes. Just. Sort of overwhelmed. It feels..."

"Yes?" Achilles reached out to Patroclus, who, as the only one of them who still had a functional brain while he was aroused, had remembered to bring the oil with him. Achilles kept one hand on Zagreus' hip, that single point of contact keeping Zagreus grounded.

"It feels more real."

The glass of the bottle was cold against Zagreus' skin as Achilles settled his other hand on the opposite side of Zag's waist. He pressed his chest to Zagreus' back, his cheek to the side of Zagreus' head, the glow of the laurel illuminating Achilles' face. He still looked Zagreus' reflection in the eye.

"It is real," he said. "We really care this deeply about you."

"I understand, I think," Patroclus added. "Back then, you were truly a stranger. An especially beautiful stranger, but still. And then you told us we would never see you again after that night."

"I hope *this* occasion isn't a one-time thing." Achilles, to Zagreus' surprise, voiced Zagreus' thoughts.

Zagreus shook his head. "It won't be. Not if I have a say, at least. Right?"

"Yes, love."

Zagreus almost wouldn't have believed the words if he hadn't read them on Achilles' lips.

He broke eye contact in the mirror, curling one hand around to clasp the back of Achilles' neck, drawing him into another kiss. When they separated, he noted, "I still want you to fuck me until I scream, though."

"Gods. With the whole House listening, of course." Achilles may have complained, but he'd let go of Zagreus to unstopper the bottle.

"Mm? No, it's fine. Nyx is out, and Orpheus is playing so loud you can hardly hear your own thoughts out there," Zagreus said. "And the curtains do mask some sound." They'd still hear if he screamed, probably.

After pouring some of the oil in his palm, Achilles pressed the stopper back into the bottle and tossed it in Patroclus' general direction without hesitation or worry that he wouldn't catch it. "You sound like you speak from experience."

"Not too much," Zagreus said with a shrug. "Meg's pretty good at keeping me from getting too loud."

"So, Thanatos isn't?" Patroclus, of course, caught the implication.

"Don't pry," Achilles said to Patroclus. To Zagreus, he said, "brace yourself."

"Yes, sir." He settled his hands back into position on the mirror, fingers flattened out, and stared at it so intensely he could almost see past the reflective surface and into Nyx's magic. As Achilles' fingers pressed into him (two at once, because he knew, he remembered, Zagreus could take it), his vision blurred so badly he couldn't see much of anything at all.

Zagreus' hands curled into fists, his head dropping down as Achilles continued to fuck him, devastatingly efficient. It was quite nearly like a tease, in that Achilles came *so close* to hitting the right spot yet deliberately passed it by.

"Zagreus." This was Patroclus, who apparently stopped calling him 'stranger' under one circumstance only. "Lift your head. Look at yourself."

Instead, he heaved out a breath, Achilles' touch and Patroclus' sultry voice too much in combination.

"Do it, lad," Achilles said. "We want you to see what we saw that first time."

"The second time, given your current appearance," Patroclus corrected him. He chuckled, quiet as if he'd hidden it behind a hand. "You're already so flushed. Hard not to be with Achilles doing that, I expect. You look quite lovely, all pink like that."

"Pat. Look at the face he makes when I—" Achilles finally curled his fingers. Said face involved Zagreus squeezing his eyes closed, so he wasn't quite sure what Achilles saw.

"Look at him, too," Patroclus told Zagreus, who caught Achilles' eye again. "Achilles doesn't hide his emotions as well as he thinks. His eyes go dark like that when he's desperately trying to hold back from fucking you as hard as he can."

This, Zagreus probably could have identified without Patroclus' assistance. Pure, barely restrained lust. "Don't hold back, then."

"Zagreus—"

"Fuck me."

Zagreus continued to watch as Achilles removed his fingers and pressed inside. He could no longer see Achilles' face, because he'd dropped his forehead to Zagreus' shoulder, but he could see his own: mouth dropped open, eyes half-lidded, his cheeks nearly as bright crimson as his right eye. He caught flashes of light in the reflection, sparks off his laurel.

Zagreus often didn't consider the shape of his own body—he knew he was athletically built, he knew he was small for a god, and he knew he was considered conventionally attractive, height aside. With Achilles against him and Patroclus continuing to narrate, he noticed things they saw in him which escaped his own evaluation of himself.

"You truly are made for us," Patroclus said, "look how his hands fit against your hips."

In order to look there, he also had to look at the space between—at his cock bobbing when Achilles thrust into him particularly hard. At the space below, his thighs tensing to keep himself from being pushed forward with every rock of Achilles' hips. Achilles had him slightly bent at the waist in order to fuck him, and the lower halves of their bodies would have been in shadow, if the bright-glowing fire of Zagreus' soles hadn't lit them.

Achilles' elegant fingers curled around Zagreus' cock, and he discovered he was quite familiar with the grip—while at a different angle, it was how Achilles often held his spear. Thank the gods Zagreus didn't spar with him often these days. He'd be duly distracted.

Zagreus did not even have to beg for Achilles to fuck him harder this time. Achilles did not have to be asked to be relentless, to take him until his knees shook, until his arms buckled where they were braced and he could no longer see their reflection for his own breath fogging the glass and his face pressed close to it. The surface of the mirror was no longer quite so cool against his cheek, having absorbed some of Zagreus' heat, but it was an unyielding counterpoint for Achilles to push him against, which Zagreus greatly appreciated.

Patroclus' narration died down, not for lack of observation but for attention to his own pleasure, if Zagreus was correctly interpreting the pace of his breath. Gods, he hoped Patroclus wouldn't get off before he could give Zagreus the same treatment Achilles was.

Achilles was taller, which meant that in order to fuck Zagreus like this, he had him almost on his toes, and yet still, the angle left something to be desired. Achilles must have noted this, because his movements slowed, and he pressed one more kiss against the side of Zagreus' neck before saying, "would you like to turn around?"

"I... yes?"

It required Achilles pulling out of him, which Zagreus did not appreciate. He did enjoy, however, the way Achilles lifted him up, gathering Zagreus into his arms as though he barely weighed an ounce. Achilles' body fit between the spread of Zagreus' thighs, pinning him back against the mirror.

"That feels better," Achilles said. Although breathless, he spoke quite mildly for someone whose shoulders were being clawed into by Zagreus.

Patroclus laughed behind him. "Show-off," he called Achilles, although Pat was also showing off, positioned so that Zagreus could see the whole line of his body spread out on the couch on his side, propped up by the raised arm of it. He had one knee pointed outwards and he helpfully moved his hand so that Zagreus could get a full view of his cock.

Zagreus found himself salivating, and then swallowing as Achilles adjusted him just so, and then crying out as Achilles penetrated him again. With gravity working a bit more in their favor, Achilles could fuck him deeper, and with the angle working much more in their favor, Achilles could kiss him just as deep while he did.

He'd known Achilles was strong. He'd known this intimately. But he'd never quite imagined being held against a wall and fucked like this, the power in Achilles' body just as erotic as the actual sex. Were Zagreus not already aroused to the point of near-orgasm, he would have been made that way by Achilles holding him like this. The head of his cock was slick where it rubbed against Achilles' abdomen, so wet he knew that if he'd still been positioned standing in front of the mirror, he would have seen it drip to the floor.

He couldn't kiss Achilles back any longer, could only tip his head back against the mirror behind him and express his pleasure as vocally as possible. His toes curled, the heat of his soles possibly immolating the rest of his body.

Achilles, Zagreus realized, was going to fuck him until he came. This also wasn't going to take much longer.

Achilles managed to hold him tight despite his squirming as his whole body shuddered with the spine-melting blaze of his orgasm and he shouted himself damn near hoarse.

"*Oh.*" Achilles sighed as Zagreus relaxed against him, still buried deep in him. "*Zagreus.*"

His name, in such a debauched moan, did nearly as much for Zagreus as the orgasm had.

"Going to let him down?" Patroclus asked.

"Give me... a moment, please," Achilles requested. The moment he had been given became space for a long, filthy kiss, and the slide of Achilles' cock fucking into Zagreus just a few more times before he gently set Zagreus to his feet.

Zagreus was embarrassingly unsteady. Achilles had to hold him up until his knees solidified again, but he laughed through it, flinging his arms around Achilles' shoulders.

"How are you?" Achilles asked him, a tinge of arousal still coloring his voice even as he asked after Zagreus' well-being. He was still yet to finish. "I didn't push you too hard?"

"Just hard enough, gods." Zagreus greatly enjoyed the way he felt now, loose-limbed and hazy, a little like he was drunk or sleepy. He could have napped right now, easy, but he had more important things to attend to.

At Zagreus' urging, Achilles joined Patroclus on the couch, looking a bit confused about what Zagreus was planning until Zag sank to his knees before them.

"You don't have to—"

"I didn't get my mouth on either of you last time," Zagreus said, ignoring any would-be protest from Achilles. "I want to fix that. If you also want, I mean."

"Oh, we want," said Patroclus, cupping the back of Zagreus' head, pulling him in. It rubbed his cock against Zagreus' cheek, an action that felt a bit silly, but surprisingly sweet. Achilles handed Zagreus one of the pillows from the couch so that his knees wouldn't suffer—although, truly, he probably would not have noticed the pain.

Then, Patroclus let go of his head, leaving Zagreus free to do as he wished. What he wished, frankly, was to get Patroclus' cock in his mouth, which he did immediately and all at once. Zagreus was good at this, if a little out of practice, but things were a bit different when he was just swallowing a toy of Meg's. He moved slower than intended as he pulled back, pausing to moan around the hot weight of Patroclus' cock on his tongue. The taste was new. Zagreus found he didn't mind it.

"Gods, you feel just incredible," Patroclus said, running his fingers through Zagreus' hair in a way that was affectionate rather than sensual, another tiny act that proved this wasn't a one-night tryst born of immediate attraction and lust, but a culmination of the relationship they had been building for some time now.

Zagreus felt a bit apologetic for neglecting Achilles. If he had to guess from Achilles' voice alone, he'd been right on the edge when Zagreus came, and while he was valiantly not complaining about not being touched, his eagerness became quite obvious when Zagreus reached out and took him in hand. Achilles dropped his head onto Patroclus' shoulder, moaning like he'd had all the air punched out of him at once.

"Needed that, didn't you?" Patroclus asked. Zagreus chuckled, and Patroclus' fingers curled in his hair, the laughter muffled by his cock in Zagreus' throat.

Achilles did not answer, and Zagreus concentrated on coordinating the motions of his hand and mouth. The two of them were quiet for some time, just little breaths between the wet noises of a kiss. Patroclus continued to stroke his hair, Achilles canted his hips forward into Zagreus' touch, and Zagreus absolutely *reveled* in just being with them. He let them take their pleasure of him, swept away by every touch, every endearment Patroclus

lauded him with in the spaces when his mouth was not occupied by Achilles'.

Distantly, he could feel himself rousing again, but he was more focused on the way Patroclus was gripping his shoulder and gasping like he was about to come down Zagreus' throat.

"If you don't want it in your mouth, stranger..." Patroclus said, and Zagreus hummed his understanding, which only made Patroclus cut off his sentence with a half-swallowed curse.

Zagreus did pull off, but did not pull away, taking Patroclus' cock in hand and licking up the underside. Managing one in each hand wasn't his usual, but thankfully Achilles didn't seem to mind Zagreus slowing his pace, and instead took the opportunity to fuck into Zagreus' hand.

Patroclus was near-silent when he came, but Achilles was loud enough for the both of them, crying out when he realized, "oh, fuck, he's going to—"

"Yeah," Zagreus said, barely parting his lips to breathe the world, a spatter of Patroclus' come settling on them as he finished on Zagreus' face.

Zagreus wished he had a third hand, because he'd never been harder, a spike of arousal piercing straight through him and another wave of lust striking him as soon as he opened his eyes and caught the both of them staring. Patroclus was smiling indulgently, and he cupped Zagreus' face, his thumb stroking over Zagreus' cheek and smearing what he'd left there.

"Oh, you are something *else*," Patroclus told him.

Achilles looked entirely stunned, and was speechless. Motionless, too, until something in him seemed to snap and he reached for Zagreus' arms, pulling him until he was astride Achilles' lap, although the couch certainly was not built for three grown men.

Achilles did not hesitate even for a second before kissing him, his deeply satisfied moan muffled against Zagreus' lips. Zagreus felt Achilles' cock

against his ass, rutting against him because Achilles *liked* that he could taste his lover's come on Zagreus' mouth.

Zagreus ground down, trying to find an angle that would allow him to fit Achilles' cock back inside himself without breaking the kiss. He didn't have time, as Achilles was closer to the edge than Zagreus thought, and just grinding himself against Zagreus was enough to push him over. He came with Zagreus clutching at his shoulders, with his mouth crushed to Zagreus', with his hands squeezing Zagreus' waist.

They breathed against one another for a long space afterward. Zagreus realized that Patroclus had gone somewhere, but he could not tear his attention from Achilles, not until Patroclus settled back in against them, on the other side of Achilles this time.

"What a mess we've made of you, dear boy," Patroclus said, examining Zagreus, who laughed and swiped at a sticky trail of white on his chin, only considering briefly before licking it off his thumb. "Come, now. Stop being such a little flirt and let me get you cleaned up."

"Thank you, love," Achilles said, laying his head on Zagreus' chest while Patroclus reached for his face.

Patroclus had gotten up to get a cloth, Zagreus realized, which was slightly damp and soft against his skin. He cleaned Zagreus' face off with a steady hand, and finished each section with a kiss.

"Bring him over to the bed for the rest," said Patroclus, already headed in that direction.

"I can get there my—" Zagreus was cut off by Achilles lifting him again, a swoop in his stomach at the casual display of Achilles' strength. "My, uh. Myself. Never mind."

Achilles tipped him flat on his back on the blankets, the position similar to how he'd been lying when they'd entered. He was once again hard enough that his cock left a sticky puddle where it rested against his stomach, just beside the rest of the mess he'd left there.

Patroclus wiped off his stomach, once again kissing each spot he cleaned. When he worked at the area around Zagreus' cock, it felt a bit like torture, and a lot like teasing, Patroclus' hands specifically avoiding the places that would give him the most pleasure. Or perhaps it was a practical choice. After all, Patroclus could not clean him off and jerk him off at the same time.

Once his front was properly cleaned, Patroclus helped him roll over, where the curve of his ass and the back of his thigh were splattered with Achilles' come. Here, too, he left a kiss in the wake of each pass at cleaning Zagreus. He started at Zagreus' thigh, but moved further up, further in, until Zagreus felt his *tongue* at—"oh! *oh*."

"Good?" Patroclus kissed Zag's inner thigh, his beard prickling, and Zagreus gasped, grasping the bedsheets and twisting to try to see Patroclus behind him. This was impossible, all he caught was the curve of Patroclus' shoulder and his hand resting against Zagreus' thigh.

"I... yes. Keep going. Keep... *oh, fuck*." Zagreus dropped his head, burying his face in the blankets as Patroclus' thumbs spread him open so that Patroclus could lick over the places Zagreus was already highly oversensitive from Achilles fucking him.

He felt the mattress dip as Achilles sat beside him, letting Zagreus rest his head on his thigh. Achilles stroked his hair, straightening his laurel and quietly soothing him all the while. "He's good at that, isn't he?"

"Mm. Nobody's ever—" Zagreus curled his hand around the bend of Achilles' knee, every place Achilles touched him grounding him, every place Patroclus touched him sending him spiraling with sensation.

"I know." Achilles' thumb traced the shell of his ear. "Do you like it?"

Zagreus groaned, his throat already raw from Patroclus' cock. Distantly, he thought he sounded entirely wrecked. "Yeah."

"Don't tease him for too long, Pat," Achilles said, which prompted Patroclus to hitch Zagreus' hips up, giving him space to reach for Zagreus' cock.

Zagreus thought he couldn't become any more overwhelmed, and that was when Patroclus' tongue pushed *in* him. "Ah! This is gonna be... I won't last."

"I wouldn't ask you to," Achilles said. "Come on, come for us."

Achilles was immensely gentle as he touched Zagreus, petting over his neck and shoulders, taking his hand and stroking over Zagreus' knuckles with his thumb. Patroclus was decidedly *not* gentle, and the contrast of feelings had Zagreus smiling even as the force of impending orgasm made his eyes roll back.

"There's a good lad."

Oh, that. That got him there.

Despite any and all intentions, Zagreus felt distinctly dirtier than he'd been before Patroclus started tending to him.

They cleaned him up with more success the second time, and then the two of them bracketed him on either side in his bed. Patroclus was at his front, steadily kissing him and making Zagreus shiver with the reminder of where his mouth had been last. Achilles was behind him, his arm thrown over both of them, his nose pressed to the back of Zagreus' neck.

He pushed to deepen the kiss, possibly to start another round, but Patroclus pulled back. "Peace, stranger. We have time."

"Rest, for now," Achilles said, tipping his chin up to kiss Zagreus' nape. "We'll be here in the morning."

"Or night," Zagreus said, his voice a bit muffled because he'd decided Patroclus' chest would be a superior pillow and had buried his face there.

"Or night," Patroclus finished.

"Good. I'm glad you'll be here," he said, tipping his face a bit so that he wasn't quite so difficult to hear. "I'm glad to be yours."

"We're yours too, love." Achilles squeezed him a little tighter. "Body and soul."

"Mostly soul, given the circumstances." Patroclus dropped a kiss atop Zagreus' head.

They were his.

And they were his in the morning, too.

Author's Note:

pls note: Pat did give Cerberus MANY GOOD PETS and does so again before going back to Elysium bc ALWAYS GOTTA PET THAT GOOD BOY TWICE!!!